

IO RUMINANS:
OR THE
REPERCUSSION
OF A
TRIUMPH

Celebrated in the Palace of
Diana Ardenna.

By the Rustick *Muse* of R.W.^{*}
Προικο-Φιλο-μασιξ.

Aud. Epig. Lib. I. ;

*Uror amore miser, tantoque potentius utor,
Quanto, qui me urit, longius ignis abest.*

I burn in flames of love, and fry
More by the fire's longinquity.

Printed Anno Virginis parturientis.
1662.

1871

1872

1873

1874

1875

1876

1877

1878

1879

1880

1881

1882

1883

1884

1885

1886

1887

THE DEDICATION.

TO THE
Transcendently Formose,

AND

(As far as can be concluded from the *Topicks*
of *Ommatology*)

MOST HEROICALLY VIRTUOUS

M^{rs} Anne Gibbs.

Who personated	{ Gartrude	in	{ Tu Quoque	3.6.4.4.8.5.5.8. <i>July</i>
	{ Harebr. wife		{ Madworld my M.	
	{ Rosinda		{ Young Admirall	
	{ Dionysia		{ All's lost by lust	
	{ A Lady		{ Merry Milkman.	
	{ LUCRETIA }		{ Rape of Lucrece }	

I 6 6 I.

At the (*Quondam-Antelope*, now) King's
Arms in Holywell Oxon.

The Dedication.

RICHARD WALDEN,
To intimate his retention of
those indelible Characters
imprinted on his heart by
the emissive Organ of
her fulgorant eye,

DEDICATETH
THIS
Encomiastick Decameron

From his Grotto
at the foot of

7877

in

ARDEN

Aug. 10th 1661.

The

PROLOGUE

(by the Book)

Thus I'm commanded to forestall the eyes
Of those few Readers that will not pass bys.

FEAR no farcastick Placard *such as cloath*
The sides of Pasquin and Morforeo.
Here you'll find nothing bitter, not so much
As to protect for Momus's teeth, for such
Our Author thus accosts, I know there's none
Exempted from thy reprehension.
Thou carp'st, as Vulcane's man, 'cause he had not
A breast transparent, and 'twas Venus's lot
To hath the same doom on her creaking shoes;
To both which censures it's obnoxious.
Yet needs it not a patrone to defend it;
For none, I'm sure, will carp at, that can mend, it.
But thus the humble Author doth subject,
To that acute discerning Intellect,
This his Capriccio, which did distill
From a dull brain, through an obtuser quill.

I know my weakness in a task
Of such a Magn'tude which doth ask
A quill from Marcab, if you'd ha't
Done well, sure to delineate

*Such a Platonick ſhe that may
Be Monarch of Utopia,
Requires a fancy that's ſublime,
And ſuch a ſtrain that's buſkin'd, mine
Deſid'rates both theſe, for the moſt,
And that's imperfect, I can boaſt
Is ſo much knowledge as to tell
Tis Panſophy to know you well.
Thrice happy he then that ſhall be
Bleſt with that Encyclopædy.*

CANTO I.
Or the
INTRODUCTION.

*I'm he who once sate by still Charwell's side,
Amongst th' Ouzonian Girls, and whilome try'd
To whisper out a Dirge for her, when her
Who was the Pole-star of our Hemisphere.
(That Heledonian Nymph who from her fire
Came murm'ring this sad news did me inspire,
And brought Melpomene, who needs would be
My Abcedarian in Philomusy.
Nor is it strange, though scarce observed yet,
(A) Should begin the Muse's Alphabet.)
But now repos'd upon the shady lawns
Of dimpled Cune amongst old Arden's Fauns.*

I sing the triumph of that face which mean't
To give (a) *Urappa* to our (b) *continent*,
If not anticipated, 'tis she alone,
I'm sure, hath verifi'd that *Etymon*.
SHE who each frown or smile can shew more dead,
Than e're were petrify'd by *Medusa's* head.

(a) So the learned *Bouchert* in his *Phaleg* gives the Etymology of *Europe*, exploding those of *Verhop*, and the Fable of *Europa*. In the *Punick* tongue it signifies an excellent countenance. (b) *Poetica licentia*, yet according to the opinion of *Verflegan*, &c.

who

Whose tongue speaks *sophisms*; that would baffle

Sphinx

Whose eyes charm *Basilisks*, and blind the *Linx*.

The azure streams that circle in whose hands

Out vye bright *Pactolus* for all his sands.

Whose all is such that who so views 't shall find

She is the *Auxesis* of woman-kind.

She 't is that claims these *fetter'd slaves* to be

Expos'd as *Trophys* of her victory.

CANTO II.

Or the

GARTRUDE.

'T was when *Hyperion* was turning back
 From his *astiral Tropick*, and did make
 His way through raging *Alased*, that time
 The *Euronymides* and the *Thespian Nine*,
 Led by their *Alytarch Apollo*, hye
 To celebrate their *Anniuersary*
 Upon those learned banks, where *Charwel* makes
 A *Chersonese*, as she the *Bride* o'ertakes,
 Posting to *Dorchester* the place design'd
 To joyn her to the rude *Chilternian kind*.

That most unhappy-happy day the sky
 Was govern'd by the sweet-lipp'd *Mercury*.
 And *Phæbus* past the *Zenith* of his course,
 Going to *Neptune's* bed with all his force

To's

He
 in: To's sister *Thetis*, when first these mine eyes
 Saw a far brighter luminary rise,
 And from his country too, which did Eclips
 His lustre with the tincture of her lipps.
 To make this good my fancy did suggest,
 His horses might be casually revert.
 But when I saw her eyes an extasie,
 Put me in posture of a *Niobe*.
 These are those twins which all that chance to view,
 'Count more resplendent than the *Delian two*.
 But her tongue soon reviv'd my *Dormant* sense,
 In augmentation to her eminence,
 And as the Saylor's list to th' *Syren's* song,
 And have nor will nor power to steer along,
 But hover near the Rocks and Shelves till they
 Have time to make both *wreck* and them their prey.
 So those melodious accents render'd me
 Th' attentive slave of this *Parthenope*.
 Then did the welkin lowre, which did e'r while
 Behold us with a look, beyond a smile.
 Good reason why, SHE went away, the beams
 Of whose bright *Planets* caus'd those dazling gleams;
 But as the Sun is oft hid from the croud,
 Behind the sable curtains of a cloud,
 Yet soon returns, so did this envious veyle,
 Which interpos'd it self, as oft recoyle.
GARTRUDE did oft encounter *Geraldine*,
 As oft wish'd I that his *Cue* had been mine.
 For though at first she would not have releas'd
 Those secret embers rak'd up in her breast,

Yet

Yet if my *Exit* prove as good as his
 'Twill wrap my soul in extasie of blis.
 'Twas unto *Hymen's* temple which to you,
 My *Muse*, shall be a *Ne-plus-ultra* too.
 For we'l retire, yet 'fore we go let's add
 As her just merit this small (a) ænead;
 That though her modesty would not permit
 Her swasive tongue forbear denying it,
 Yet who that saw her personate with th' rest,
 Can chuse but say that she performed best.

(a) *A verbo divēo laudo unde deducunt alii titulum, Virgilii Æneidos.*

CANTO III.

COME from thy dormitory, *Muse*, and prove
 A diligent Notary, Then Mighty *Jove*
 Sate at the helm, and mortals gan to sing
 Their silent *Mattens* to him, every thing
 Conspir'd to aid us in the quest of her,
 Of whom in all *Time's* rusty Register
 'There's ne'er a *Parallel*, but this her part
 Is so discordant from her virtuous heart,
 Thou shalt now prætermitt it, draw thy rein,
 And, craving leave, return to bed again.

CAN-

CANTO IV.
Or the
ROSINDADE.

Then the *Plebeans* hasten'd to adore,
And chant their *Vespers* to, their great god
Thor

Vir- But that is not our theme, my *Muse*, wee'll see
Renown'd *ROSINDA*'s hospitality
In *Naples*, for it was her private jarrs
That blew the trumpet to th' intended wars.
She forfeits her prerogative to woo,
The *Prince* to what she ne'er could tempt him to :
Or by facility or kindness, he
But poorly retributes her courtesie.

Degenerate cold *Prince*, whose frigid fire
Only admits the name of love, 'cause blind.

How else could thy excacated desire,
Tend to ought else but her that was design'd
To grace the bed o'th' *Phenix* of his kind.
'Count but *externals*, she deserves no worse
Than one that might inherit th' *Universe*.
Poize her *intrinsic* virtues, and she calls
For one that could ingross *Heroicals*.
Nay but for fear of a *Dilemma*, I
N- Could name the *extract* of formosity.

But

But he affects *Cassandra*, on whom she
 Means to employ her best *Chirurgery*,
 Which can't be ineffectual, when each part
 's *Magistrial* to allay the smart.
 Her touch is a *Dictamnium*, and her eyes
 Dart smiles more *soveraigne* then *Panaees*.
 And so it prov'd, her patient did regain,
 At once, both strength and vigor of her brain,
 Witness her plot to quench *ROSINDA*'s fires
 By th' consummation of her chaste desires.
 The *Prince* came to the camp of *Scicily*
 Upon her summons for *ROSINDA*, she
 To save his life became a prey to them,
 And won *Cesario* by a stratagem.

CANTO V.
 Or the
 DIONYSIADE.

DId'st see, my *Muse*, how yonder wanton whore
 Proud 'cause *Queen Regent* of this day & hour
 Came whirling in her Coach, as if she mean't
 To sport in some opacous firmament,
 With her old *Martial* Paramour, while he
 Rode on before her through the *Galaxy*?
 But we will wink at that, 'tis my intent
 To enterprize a thing more eminent.
 Let us observe *Antonio* that way
 Encountr'd by his *DIONYSIA*.

A dreadful combatant, nay do not start,
 In *Cupid's* lists she's sure to thrill the heart.
 Nor was she long in winning of the field,
Antonio was soon enforc'd to yeild
 Himself a wilful subject, and forget
 Th' allegiance he vow'd to *Margaret*.
 "Such is the potency of her who darts
 "Glances so piercing that they conquer hearts.
 Yet he was loath at first to quit the yoke
 Of's lawful sovereign, but did revoke
 His resolution, till a missive, brought
 From *DIONYSIA*, entertain'd his thought.
 Then read, consider'd, wept a while, and then
 Thinking ha'd past o'r something, read again.
 This rais'd a tempest in his troubled breast,
 He re-enacted what he now revert,
 Thought of his *Margaretta*, and the oath
 In *Hymen's* temple taken by them both.
 Then weigh'd his *DIONYSIA's* courtesie,
 Which put his mind in *equilibrium*.
 Consulted with his friend, who did prefer
 The last, and made her scale the heavier.
 Untill she came her self on embasie,
 And turn'd the scales by th' magick of her eye.
 Which made him to conclude he would go on,
 Although he grappled with destruction.
 "And who could chuse but be for such an one
 "A renegade from's Religion.
 "Perfect *Antonio*, what thou dost begin,
 "Let th' worst come on't, 'twill be a splendid sin.

Thus

Thus troubled *DIONYSIA* design'd,
 To meliorate the *Craſis* of his mind
 By her preſcriptions, O thrice happy man
 Who had't ſo potent a Phyſician,
 Whoſe tongue whoſoe' experiments ſhall find
Galen *Exhilarans* to a penſive mind.
 Whoſe eyes I've try'd my ſelf and now conclude
 'Tis th' onely *Acopon* for laſſitude.
 A kiſs from whoſe ſweet lips, but he alone
 Muſt be thus bliſful, is a *panchreſton*.
 Yet all theſe *Ana's* could not do him good,
 Naught can repaire his health but his own blood,
 Which cures her too, ſhe and her rival friend,
 Like to undaunted *Amazons*, contend,
 One weeping, t'other ſmiling, who could do.
 Anaſt moſt worthy their *Antonio*.

CANTO VI.

BUt why ſo haſty, *Pegasus*? look, here
 Is no great cauſe for ſuch a ſwift career;
 There's nought in *Friga's Vespers* doth require
 So high a *Pannade*, nor is't my deſire
 That thou ſhould'ſt take the needleſs pains to ſing
 The virtues of *Landoff's* fam'd *Magick ring*.
 Which ſure made her inviſible, for I
 With all my indagations could not 'ſpy
 That *Non-parel*, who with her troops poſſeſt
 Th' *Elective Empire* of my torrid breſt.

CAN

CANTO VII.

S *Atur*ne succeeded next who did ordain
SGARTRUDE's re-entrance in the lists again,
 With her *Antagonist*, which wee'll pass o're
 Because we saw, the combate once before.
 And *Seater's Vespers* too because they lye
 Without our Province's territory.

CANTO. VIII.

B Right *Sol* the next usurp'd th' Imperial throne,
 But vex't to see beams brighter than his own.
 He call'd to *Zephyrus* to bring supply
 Of Clouds, as she dispell'd them with her eye.
 But whence those powerful rays were sent, did lye
 Out o'th' dominions of my prying eye.

So you may sleep, my *Muse*, but come anon
 To take thy *ultime valediction*.

B

CANTO

CANTO IX.

Or the

LUCRETIADE.

Then *Cynthia* 'rose the Empress of the sky,
 But from this pensive palefac'd Deity
 My forward fear presag'd some *Tragick* end
 Our *Acidalian* revels did attend.

Now, *Muse*, thy *Pegasus* his course hath run,
 This is the day *Albions* refulgent Sun
 Did pass that line which terminates my sight,
 And left me groping in a *polar night*.

LUCRETIA, of whose virtue *Fame* hath hurl'd
 Sufficient *Enges* through th' capacious world,
 Did from her modest eye such lightning dart
 Kindled lascivious fires in *Tarquin's* heart.
 Who posted from the camp to raze the splendor
 Of that stout *fortlet* which would not surrender.
 But having lost her name regardless she,
 Resolv'd not to survive, by battery
 Demolish'd th' fabrick. Thus that Roman dame
 Resign'd her life to notifie her name
 In *Fame's* records, but this, no doubt, did write
 The copy fairer than the *prototype*.
 Had this been real 'twould go nigh, I fear,
 To cause a fatall *Regifugium* here.

The

Then I retir'd, yet dubious whether she
 Deserv'd my *plaudite* or *plangite*.
 For, if those hapless men, whose lot did fall
 I'th' farthest part o'th' *frigid Zones*, bewail
 Their *half-years-night*, yet sure their Sun will turn
 At's *period*, what cause have I to mourn?
 Doom'd from the sight of mine, whose brighter rays
 Make me more sensible of such delays.
 Especially sith I do not know
 Whether 't will e'er be day again, or no.

CANTO X.

Or the

CONCLUSION.

THus was I partially *eclyps'd*, and here
Apollo too forsook our *Hemisphere*.
 And went to's brother *Neptune's* bed to cool
 His fiery chariot in his Western Pool.
 Leaving his Lacquey *Vesper* in his seat
 To unharness th' horses and provide them meat.
 Mean while my restless fancy my feet leads
 T' expatiate in the adjacent meads,
 Where silent *Charmel* revels as she goes
 To th' Nuptials of her elder sister *Ouze*.
 And to this Nymph I made my moan till night,
 With his black mask had hoodwink'd all the light.

Cynthia was absent too, sure she was gone
 To *Latmus* to salute *Endymion*.
 So I was forced to retire to rest,
 But *Morpheus* with his wiles could not arrest
 My watchful senses, then *Aurora* led
 The blushing *Morne* from her *Mygdonian* bed.
 And made the rays of light in tumults throng,
 Which came too soon, although they stay'd too long.
 For warlike *Mars* usurp'd the reins o' th' sky
 The last of this so famous *Heptarechy*,
 And would needs be my convoy till I come
 Out of the precincts of *Elysium*.
 For such were those most blessed banks that while
 SHE darted there her *beatifick* finite.
 Then blame me not if I was scarce content
 To want those *Aspells*, yet at last I went;
 But with eyes so retorted that I made
 My tardy paces seem all *retrograde*.
 Yet was my tedious journey too soon done.
 Our jades, before the *Sun's*, their course had run.
 But here are none fore whom to vent my woes,
 And flames depress'd grow but more vigorous,
 Experience dictates, for this heart of mine
 Is daily *holocausted* to that shrine.

The Book EPILOGizeth.

THus have my pages entertain'd your eye
With some reflections of formosity.
He that enumerates all shall find it more
Than th' task o' th' Segamore's Embassador.
And now let Critick Cato svent their rage,
In their censorious descants on each page.
All such Malignant Planets I'll neglect,
So you'll but deign me your benign Aspect.

— *Forsan & hoc olim meminisse Juvabit.*

FINIS.

